

Charanga Danzón

4/10/08

The light in the eyes of the violinist's child danced as she took,
tore and handed out the tickets for the night.
Perhaps that should have tipped me off.

As the performance began, the room was darkened.
First came the pure resonance of the violin alone.
The room was reverberant, like an instrument itself.
Its 20 foot arched ceilings were singing, as if
ready, like the country, for some new spirit of life again.

I imagined the old Chapel where the concert happened
 [(4th floor, the Good Shepard Center, abandoned by Nuns
 in this timespace nadir of Churchiness: Seattle)]
was designed to make the spirits of every singing
soul stand out. This night, it conspired to bring forth
a sonic perfection, a crystalline diamond of moving
sounds, song after song, with clear sharp edges
fading gently into gleams as the next moments
turned and turned in the light of the mind, attention,
shimmering with pleasures exceeded one by one
as time mutated into memory.

Violin, flute, piano, *tres*, timbale, congo, bass and classic
guitar wove melodies and rhythm in such precise arrays
of soft and bright, sharp and smooth, hot and cool, the
moments passed and it was all over before I realized
a night of surprise and beauty had come and gone,
never likely to repeat, and I was lucky, like a guy
who stumbled on accidental joy whipped up by people
with only a collective 400 years of devoted practice.

-bruce c. mitchell